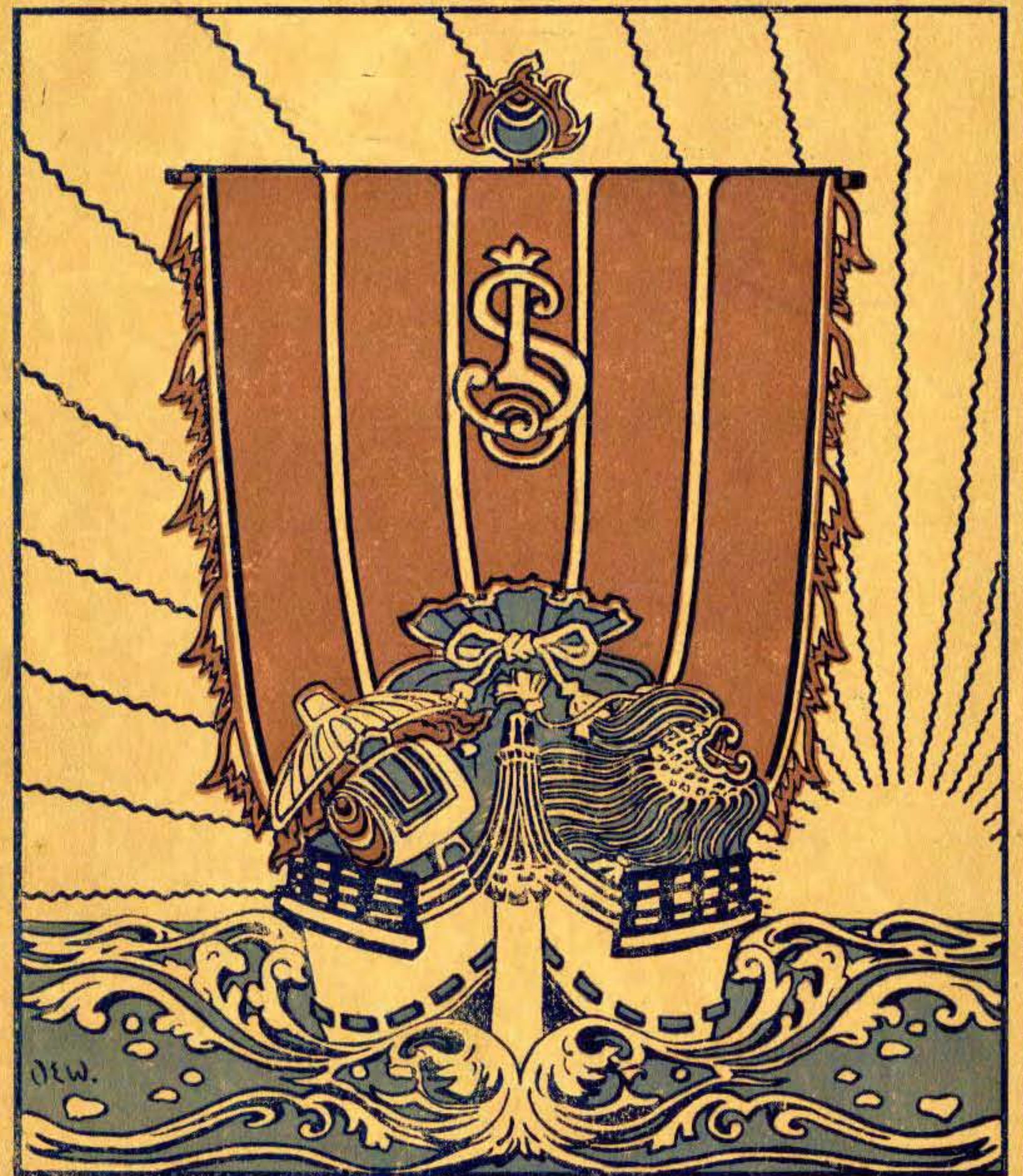


FORWARD



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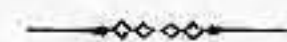
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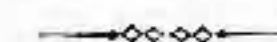
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For further particulars, write Director, J. B. Gaschy.

DECEMBER, 1926

1



Muffled Jubilee Bells

G. M.

HERE we are in our jubilee garb and we have got into it almost without anybody's knowing it. We had promised long ago that we would let our friends and well-wishers know all we meant to do before "fulminating" the jubilee, and yet we have had to go back on our word because of the shame that seized upon us at the thought of having others help us doll up a one-eyed, one-armed, one-legged jubilarian. Then, in a certain sense we really did *not* go back on our word for, having only promised to let our friends know what we meant to do for the jubilee and invited them to help us do it, we clear ourselves of confusion by the frank confession that we have done nothing because nothing practically could be done. Even tho this present Forward, all draped à la 25, noise abroad the news of our jubilee, yet it is only the historical fact that is thereby broad-casted; as for all

the gleeful concomitants that generally grace what one calls a jubilee, they are conspicuously lacking.

Our Forward readers perhaps remember what this editorial side-partner drivelled about our jubilee prospects in the preceding issue. That explains the present apology. And then, too, we cannot publish everything that's on our mind. Our close friends—those that actually come around and talk with us right here at the school about the school—can easily guess why we can not publish *all* our kept thoughts, pet schemes and present temporizations for the betterment of the school. We can, however, refer to what has already been published.

It was the indefatigable Mr. Takeoka that rescued our jubilee from being aught else than a sounding name for a lapse of 25 years. What we wrote last time, roseate in prospect, would, in actual realization, have proved only a castle in the air—but for Mr. Takeoka. He came in

on time and, sensing better than anyone else the crying needs of the institutions of education that had been destroyed by the Quake-Fire, secured for them a part-share of the government's relief funds. Accordingly, Mr. Takeoka is the *fons et origo* of whatever jubilation is going on at the old Manse.

We are not going to overshoot our expectations—as we did last time—by looking too far ahead into the future. It is safer and more proof against disappointment to extract a little jubilee spirit from our glorious past. The remembrance of what the S.J.C. jubilarian has been and has done in the by-past years can contribute not a little towards boosting our courage in our present knock-out condition.

S.J.C. was going 20 of its 25 years before the Forward began to appear. Nor did it take long for the late-born college magazine to redeem so many years of unrecorded history. It was Rev. Nich. Walter, Professor of History, who created the locus classicus of S.J.C. History. In a triple-length editorial of comprehensive view and varied content he carefully went over the whole ground of the College's past achievement, listed its distinctions, exhibited its credentials and, after telling its story, got up on a bluff to see what was in sight for a bigger and better St. Joseph College. It would do well for all of us to untie our lengthening line of dusty Forwards and reperuse this leader of the well-stocked No. 3 of Volume II. That would make us feel like having a whole lot of reasons for rejoicing despite the encircling gloom, all the more as we are going to bring a light into the heart of it before the school year is run out.

Read with us an extract or two from these annals.

Under the caption "An Educational Pioneer" Rev. Walter writes:

"As mentioned above St. Joseph College was founded in 1888. (i.e. in connection with Morning Star School of Tokyo of which it constituted the section for Foreign Boys until 1901 when it was transferred to Yokohama.) It is one of the very oldest institutions of learning for Foreign Boys in the Far East; it is certainly the oldest one existing in Japan today.

"From the very beginning the doors of the College were open alike to all boys without discrimination of creed or flag.

"On the College register of the early days are found names of students from all parts of Japan, Korea, Siberia, China, Philippines, etc.

"St. Joseph is still the only school in Japan that has dormitories on its own premises to accommodate out-of-town foreign students."

And then the chronicler inserts a caption entitled: "Needs of St. Joseph College." What he writes under that head is short, sweet, and like a barndoor hint. It reads: "The immediate and urgent needs of St. Joseph College may be at present summed up in a spacious playground provided with a) Baseball Diamond, b) Football Campus; c) Tennis Courts, d) Basket Ball Courts, e) Cinder Track, etc. Cost ¥80,000. And we add the saving clause that Rev. Walter was writing the above before the disastrous Quake-Fire when the College was in the hightide of its prosperity. While that playground need has never been filled, the Quake-Fire created far more crying ones and the 8 with 4 sequent ciphers looks like a vanishing footnote aside

of the figure we now have to write down when proclaiming our needs.

And we are not going to write it down tho we were at first tempted to do as 'they' do who have a report to make at the end of the fiscal year. But any of our friends, helpers and sympathizers is welcome to write in or drop in and inquire about how it looks with regard to our 3-year old project of getting decently on our feet again. If anybody will take our word for it, we are trying our best; we are trying our best to lay very good plans for the new buildings soon to be erected; trying our best, in these days when not only diamonds are going up in price but also cement and bricks, to collect the big sums needed for covering the outlay entailed by extensive construction; trying our best to get lovers of young folks and such as are interested in the vital question of

education, to help us share the burdens of making up for a tremendous setback. It is in vain that our staff dedicate their lives with unflinching devotion to the cause, if the means to carry on are not forthcoming—if the big handicaps that every foundation has ultimately to overcome persist. So far, nowhere on earth has anything of size ever been accomplished without men and money; and where the latter was consistently withheld, the former have always had to abandon projects begun or could at best sustain them only by superhuman efforts. Now St. Joseph College won't stay down long any more because we are already part-way up. Let those who wish us well lend a hand; we will take it eagerly because we want to get on better with our big work for young men.

The Jubilee Bells are ringing, only they are muffled.

The Fair of Barga

V. Kulikoff '27

AN undulating prairie rut, bathed in the last rays of the setting sun wound in and out among the tall grass and at length dipped into the large circular amphitheater of a flourishing Mongolian camp. In the midst of this sprouting center of activity there dwelt a wealthy Mongol with his wife and three sons.

The summer with its scorching, sweltering heat had passed away and the mellow autumn had dawned with its changing lights, painting the rolling steppes with a rich hue of yellow. For the roaming tribes of this vast untracked country a time had come to go to the fair of Barga, which

was in progress at Ganjur—a town to the east, and the scene of the largest gathering throughout the year.

At the camp, active preparations were being made for immediate departure. Soon everything was ready and on the evening before the journey the old man gathered his three sons around the crackling fire within their eurtu (tent), whilst the old shaman (priest) was forecasting the varied fortunes of the misty future. The two elder brothers, jewels in their father's eye, had brilliant success, enormous profits and a delightful journey read out of their palms, but

the youngest and reckless brother had nothing but ill-luck and failure predicted as his heritage.

Nothing daunted, Nahor the youngest, for such was his name, early the next morning accompanied his two elders with a lively spirit, although they drove a whole flock of sheep and a large stock of cattle, which their father had entrusted to them, whilst he had only five miserable-looking ponies in his charge.

But, as they advanced on their way, his spirit lagged for he could not help seeing the incomparable difference of treatment between his brothers and himself, which ceaselessly persisted at thrusting itself at his face. He well knew that he was a spendthrift, and, he had been a good-for-nothing loafer all his life; but, was he not going to the fair? He was almost penniless, and for those scare-crow beasts, what profit could he hope to derive from them? He was in despair and knew not how to proceed.

Well, along the journey, they reached the summan (temple) of Dalai Lama (lord of the most high), where the weary caravans halted to render due homage to the deity. Whilst taking a brief and welcome rest, Nahor, among the dense multitude that thronged the temple, offered a few coins to the mighty god's honor and benefit.

The twilight shades hung dark and heavy, when Nahor at last came out of the sacred temple. In the swarming mass of worshippers he had lost his brothers and knew not where they had gone. Hundreds of horses, cattle, and vehicles greeted his gaze as he looked about him. All was confusion; animals strayed here, and flocks wandered there without any order. The drivers chatted gaily,

and were grouped under some arba (wagon), playing at cards. Dusk was swiftly falling, and the shadows deepened. It was an excellent chance and Nahor made the best of it. With incredible swiftness he flung astride his trusty pony and made a bee-line to where seven magnificent black stallions were attached to a post. With a deft motion, born of skill and experience, not lessening his speed an inch, he cut the rope, which held the steeds and made off with them into the gathering darkness, leaving the horror-stricken herders gaping in astonishment at the unparalleled robbery effected before their very noses.

Nahor, after his daring escapade, rode hard through the night into the distant camp. The next day meeting some Chinese merchants from the southern boarder, he offered them the stallions for sale. The magnificent beasts easily brought a good bargain, and Nahor now supplied with gold pieces directed his way gaily towards the grand fair of Barga.

Truly it was the merry, boisterous multitude that crowded the fair with its decorated stores, gay drinking places, bright-coloured flags, painted counters and attractive pavilions ornamented with sequestered, gaudy-looking nooks of cotton and woolen cloth. Here and there noisy auctions were held by the road-side, a silver-smith, exhibiting his gorgeous earrings, which the Mongolian women wear, used the street as his workshop, with no hindrance to the sale of horses and cattle that was carried on round about him.

Nahor, who arrived that day, was enjoying himself thoroughly with his well-lined pockets. He watched the sales with interest, stared at the curios in flashy array, but it was not

these that he cared for; he sought pleasures of his own and he had them in full. In the muddy courtyard of an ill-smelling Chinese inn, the Monte-Carlo of Ganjur, with low rooms opening all around, he gambled away. At first, triumph seemed to crown his efforts, but it was not destined to last.

The Chinese merchants, the buyers of Nahor's stallions, had also come to the fair and were immediately accused as horse-thieves by the former masters of the stallions. The merchants attested their innocence, and having detected Nahor, pointed him out as the seller of the steeds. Whereupon our hero was arrested and tried before the "Ugurda" (commander), where he not only lost his money but received a hundred lashes on his back.

Nahor sorrowful and down-hearted made his way homeward. What would his father say, he wondered, returning dishonored, penniless and in rags? Thus he brooded, and put all the blame on the heads of his two brothers, blindly ignoring that his humiliating experience was his own fault; thus, he pent up a smouldering wrath and vowed vengeance.

Tala and Darjei, the two elders,

after a successful sojourn at the fair, soon overtook their younger brother, whom they urged to join their company.

The following night, having put up at a way-side inn, they arranged their lodging for the night. The brothers ate a sumptuous and truly fraternal supper and retired to their rooms. The night was far advanced when a dark, threatening figure haunted the room of the two elder brothers.

Early the next morn, Nahor started the remaining trip alone, armed with all the rich presents of his brothers. On his return home he presented these gifts to his old father, but when the latter inquired about the two brothers, Nahor kept silent and the same night he was gone.

The old Mongol soon learned the truth, and grieved for his dead sons, but he unceasingly bewailed the injustice that came through the misinterpretation of Nahor's predestined lot by the shaman.

Ten years had flown over the span of existence and Nahor with his bloody crime, ever haunting his peace of mind, returned a miserable and repentant sinner, and his sorrow-stricken aged father forgave him with tears in his feeble eyes.

An Oriental Tragedy

F. Clarke '27

JIRO was the son Mr. Nagai, a rich, influential business man, who ran a large, flourishing department store in the suburbs of Tokyo. Jiro was a merry lad, and with childish delight, he revelled in his innocent pleasures, something altogether natural for a healthy, bouncing

lad. He had his loved mother to cherish and not a shadow to cloud the brightness of his happy sky. His countenance was frank, and his sparkling, black eyes bespoke the warm, ingenuous heart that beat within his breast.

Alas! for the instability of worldly riches; how uncertain is the morrow! One day Mr. Nagai, returned from the market, a ruined, broken man. The course of speculation had wrought its woe! In his madness he had staked his whole fortune to lose all. He had been wealthy, but he had wanted more, and in his blind greed, he had rushed headlong to disaster.

Was it his distorted fancy? Was it but a nightmare, that often stole upon him in the dead of night, to trouble his rest? What did it all mean? Jiro did not understand the strange manners of his parent. No more the stately mansion with the flowering gardens, the home of his birth, and the scene of his early childhood. Gone! all gone like mist before the wind, leaving not a trace behind.

In a modest dwelling of a far-off town, Mr. Nagai now plied his humble trade. Plodding the dusty roads with his goods on his aching back, he went from house to house to gain his custom. Business thus advanced, and Jiro's family had enough wherewith to live in obscurity. The father, however was powerless to conquer the demon of greed gnawing at his heart; he speculated again, and this time plunged the family in the direst misery.

The modest abode was no more, and Jiro, alone with his sorrow-stricken mother, occupied a dilapidated house on the outskirts of the town. Mr. Nagai, riven like an oak by the blast of his folly, died an early victim, and Mrs. Nagai in her grief seemed to droop under the common misfortune and ere long she too took to her bed. Jiro, left with a sick parent to care for, went about his stern task with a brave spirit, and in spite of

his tender years, managed to eke out a meager livelihood. With the little that he had, he bought a pair of baskets, and invested in a stock of polishing sand. From day to day his fresh young voice resounded in the streets, cheerily calling out his wares.

"Migaki-suna! Migaki-suna!"

People listening to his ringing tones, often wondered who the blithesome lad he might be, not for a moment suspecting the note of appeal, and silent supplication hidden beneath his care-free strains. The work was hard, and much beyond his frail strength, while the returns were small. Throughout the long day, he threaded the innumerable lanes and thoroughfares, only to return at night footsore and broken-hearted with a few miserable coins with which he was to buy a bit of rice for his failing mother.

Autumn had waned, and the winter had come with biting frosts and intense cold, chilling the marrow in his bones. His poor mother grew worse and worse, and the color perceptibly faded from her wane cheeks. The rent on that ramshackle hut was long overdue, and the hour had come when the heartless landlord turned them out into the forlorn, pitiless streets. The sweeping gale howled its shrieking discontent, and the drifting snow-flakes fell in a flutter to the stony ground. In despair holding her closely to his side, Jiro led his ailing mother away, and beneath an ancient temple, on a torn, straw mat which he had found, he tenderly laid her down. Taking off his outer garment, he covered her as well as he could, whispering:

"Take courage mother, for I will find lots of money, and you shall quickly recover. "The old woman feebly made reply:

"You are so good my son, but take care and come back at once. May the last wish of a dying mother, bless you and keep you." Brushing away the tears which sparkled on his pinched cheeks, Jiro made off rapidly towards the town, desperate in his determination to save his mother. For hours, he wandered aimlessly the wind-swept streets. At dusk he found himself near the post-office, where his watchful eye perceived an elegantly-garbed gentleman, just alighting from his rickshaw, and producing a purse full of bills to pay his fare. Jiro's eyes glistened with excitement. In different circumstances the very thought would have been abhorrent, but with his mother's sore distress preying on his mind, he picked the pocket-book out of the gentleman's fur coat, and hastened joyfully to the temple.

"Oka-san! Oka-san! Look! I've got lots of money, and all will be all right once more. "But his mother was silent, and only the shriek of the rising gale answered him. He looked, he stared, he called, and stooping low he shook her. The trees shivered in the moaning wind, and the snow fell, swirling and drifting thru the murky gloom; but his dear mother was dead. The night came with its somber shadows and the dark

threatening clouds of a gathering storm, rolled across the troubled sky.

Rising, his breast heaved with anguish; he raised supplicating hands to the frowning heavens, and with a voice broken with sobs, he cried out into the brewing tempest:

"Kamisama! Kamisama! Thou hast punished me, because for once, I have been a low thief."

A slight figure slunk along the dark walls of the slumbering town, furtively approaching the post-office building. It came to the door, quickly dropped a black object into the letter box, and glided off to be swallowed up by the darkness. The storm broke in all its raging fury, and in the teeth of the onrushing blast, the giant firs, ancient guardians of the temple grounds, swayed, and bowed their lordly heads to the wrath of the elements. The blizzard descended in blinding sheets, driving in furious gusts on the wings of the hurricane. Once again day dawned, and the radiant light of the fair morning bade the storm-clouds depart, unveiling the smiling dome of the azure sky. Peacefully resting by the side of his mother, half-buried in the milky snow, with the lingering trace of a happy smile still hovering on his child-like face, the brave little lad lay frozen dead.

The Phantom Swordsman

A. Dresser '27

WHEN the slanting shadows of the pines on the knoll moved across the awakening valleys of the Suruga range, the growing brightness gradually issued in a fine, fresh morning. Soon a stout figure, clothed in cotton kamishimo with gray hakama tightly fastened around his hips, stood like a painted figure with his left hand resting on two long Oriental swords, under the playing shadows of the great forest. Erelong the

figure began to stir. As it moved along, there was revealed an abnormally tall man with the virile, rough-knit countenance and broad shoulders of a Samurai.

He had travelled far from Edo into this lonely mountain region to break the strength of the Tengu, the invincible champions of the sword, who effectually vindicated their title over the whole eastern district of Japan. The burning sun of Suruga had already far passed the highest point in the heavens, when Shinra Saburo, the warrior of renown, halted to rest his weary body in the small inn at Hakone-toge.

He waited for the cool evening.

The sun sank slowly, the surrounding woods were strangely aglow in the scarlet sunset. The trees seemed nearer, friendlier, and the very wind spoke to his ruminating spirit, as with sturdy steps he penetrated deeper into the growing dusk that shrouded unknown dangers.

The paths and roads lengthened behind him, and in the dead stillness of the ancient forest, his sandals fell softly on the cool damp trail. As night drew on and the shadows deepened, heavy clouds gathered on the darkening summer evening sky.

A streak of lightning clove the horizon far in the east, and an ominous roll of thunder accompanied it, reverberating through the rolling valleys; for a space, a silence so deep fell about him that even the murmuring unrest of the forest seemed hushed and subdued. A fiery warning flashed again, and unveiled for a moment the inky ramparts, of the murky clouds.

The breeze freshened into a gale and the wail of the mighty trees swayed by the wind was like the droning of a distant cataract. Huge

drops of rain splashed on Saburo's hand, others on his face. He could hear the moan of the wind and the patter of rain as they came on heavier. Soon the rain began beating like so many toy hammers against the overhanging canopy of leaves. The roar of the storm grew apace, a shrieking monstrous thing that seemed to be tearing the air as well as the forest into bits.

Just then as another ribbon of light lit up the dense gloom, a glittering sword flashed across the path and licked at his broad shoulders, like the tongue of a leaping flame. Quick as the flash died away in the darkness, another flamed on his left, then another and another, shimmering for an instant in blinding streaks, and was gone.

The Tengu attacked with a ferocious impetuosity from left and right, but Saburo, one of the best swordsmen in the ancient land of the rising sun, lithely leaped from the path of the descending blades and swung back his own steel with deadly accuracy. The quickness of his eyes, the nimbleness of his body, and the sureness of his kiyai, enabled him though at the expense of great efforts to parry the flaming swords of the Tengu and to drive home his fierce opposition.

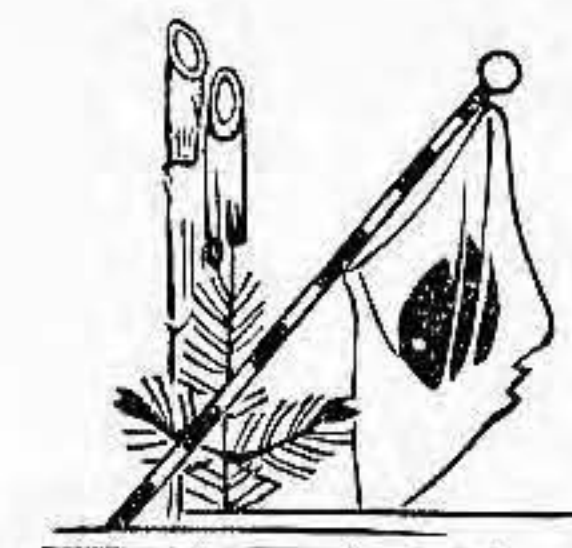
The duel drew on, but soon the superior hand gained the ascendancy; profiting by a slight lapse, Saburo bore down, in a glittering arc and with ringing clang, on the attacking steel; the blow hit, the enemy swords were unhanded and for the first time the Tengu had to show the white feather.

Saburo calmly picked up the shattered sword from the ground.

The rain fell steadily and straight down. The forest was moaning.—

There was moaning in the air.—The whole world seemed moaning. The strange part of it was that all the wind was now either far away or high up in the darkness overhead. There was scarcely a breeze against his cheek. The night grew cooler and the aroma of the earth lay heavier as the hours passed. The storm had gone, and the victory was his.

The eastern sky was slightly reflecting the dawning rays of the golden sun still beneath the horizon, when the gigantic figure of Shinra Saburo, emerged from the sleeping forest, to tread the grass-strewn road with the glory of conquest in his dark, steady eyes. Since that day the Tengu's power has been broken.



Greetings of the Season

TO all the host of Forward readers
and to all the loyal friends, generous benefactors and ardent well-wishers of St. Joseph College we extend most cordial greetings for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FRANÇAIS

Nous sommes heureux de mettre sous les yeux de nos lecteurs les quelques mots aimables que Monsieur Yves Meric de Bellefon, Consul de France, a bien voulu adresser à nos diplômés, le jour de la clôture de l'année scolaire.

Mes chers amis,

Il y a 25 ans, lorsque j'avais votre âge et que j'étais moi-même au collège, nous écoutions avec un peu d'impatience les vieux messieurs qui, à la distribution des prix, nous faisaient des discours, de longs discours, et qui retardaient d'autant notre départ en vacances.

Je me garderai bien de vous infliger, à mon tour, pareil supplice et je me bornerai à vous dire aujourd'hui combien je suis heureux d'avoir pu passer cette matinée avec vous, féliciter les lauréats dont nous venons d'entendre les noms, et vous souhaiter de bonnes et agréables vacances.

Je voudrais aussi vous demander d'avoir avec moi une pensée de reconnaissance et d'affection pour vos mai-

tres, ces religieux au dévouement admirable qui ont tout quitté, patrie, famille, amis,... pour vous apporter le bienfait de leur enseignement et partager avec vous, les uns, les vieilles traditions de la France, les autres, les méthodes toutes modernes de l'Amérique.

Que la fête d'aujourd'hui qui vient précisément se placer entre le Jour de l'Indépendance Américaine et la Fête Nationale Française, vous soit une occasion d'acclamer la France et les Etats-Unis, les patries de vos maîtres, en même temps que le Japon dont l'hospitalité vous est si généreuse.

Mes chers amis, en l'honneur des trois pavillons qui flottent sur votre Collège : Hip ! hip ! hurrah ! ...

Une Farce

F. Clarke '27

Dans notre école, chaque pensionnaire, du moins parmi les grands, a son tic, sa manie. L'un aime la littérature, un autre les mathématiques, mais les sciences physiques et naturelles semblent surtout fasciner le plus grand nombre. Ainsi nous avons un tueur de serpents, un chasseur d'herbes de marécage, et deux ou trois collectionneurs de papillons.

Parmi ces derniers, Jean est le plus terrible. Ce n'est pas sans raison que dans son pays, tous les

survivants de ses hécatombes semblent chaque année, le 15 septembre, danser une sarabande folle, en le voyant prendre le train pour redevenir pensionnaire. C'est alors, le tour des pauvres papillons d'ici, de se voir traqués par notre fameux chasseur. Mais cette année, une assez riche récolte rentrée sous verre ne consolait qu'à moitié notre héros. Un seul trou vite le fameux "luna-moth," comme on l'appelle ici, manquait à la collection.

Or un soir, vers la fin du souper, voici qu'en face de la fenêtre du réfectoire, tout contre la maison voisine, un magnifique "luna-moth" fut découvert par un joueur de billes aux yeux perçants.

"Oh ! le joli papillon !" et une vingtaine de têtes de se tourner vers la place indiquée. Jean fiévreusement occupé à faire disparaître un plat de macaronis, avait le dos tourné à la fenêtre. Le mot de papillon le fait sursauter, et se retournant : Oh ! je le connais, c'est le "luna-moth," et d'un oeil suppliant, il demande au président du réfectoire, la permission de chercher ses armes pour capturer la bête. En un instant les deux cents mètres qui le séparent de sa classe sont parcourus, et le voici de retour, armé de sa freluche et de son bocal. Avec des précautions infinies il s'approche du papillon, un spécimen unique, d'un joli vert, et ayant au moins 15 centimètres d'envergure. Sans perdre son sangfroid, il met le

filet sur le papillon. Ce dernier pris, mais probablement engourdi par le froid ne bouge guère. Un ami obligeant, vient au secours, et attrape le prisonnier par les ailes, mais Jean inquiet lui crie :

"Attention, vous allez l'abîmer."

"Oh ! non, tenez, ouvrez votre bocal, que je le mette dedans." Ce qui fut fait en un instant. Le papillon ne bouge pas, et les éclats de rire de quarante jeunes gens ouvrent les yeux à Jean. Il est comme pétrifié, quand il constate avec horreur qu'à la place du fameux "luna-moth," il n'a qu'une feuille de papier avec deux ressorts pour faire marcher les ailes, un morceau de gomme comme abdomen, et un fil de fer comme pattes. Le tout avait été si bien imité, que Jean s'y laissa prendre. Et je crois bien que pareille aventure ne tardera pas à arriver à notre tueur de serpents, car cet âge est sans pitié.

Une Déception

J. Silva '28

Un Japonais avait l'habitude de boire une petite bouteille de vin de riz avant de se coucher. Un soir cet homme rentra à la maison avec un ami, qu'il avait invité à souper. Il ordonna au domestique d'aller acheter deux bouteilles de vin japonais et de les chauffer. En effet "le sake" ou vin de riz, se boit rarement froid, il faut le boire chaud pour le déguster. Le domestique fit comme le maître le lui avait ordonné.

Deux bouteilles de sake chaud ornaient la table pendant que nos deux hommes donnaient libre cours

à leur appétit. A la fin du repas tous les deux étaient très gais et je crois bien que le vin de riz y était pour quelque chose. Cependant les deux hommes causaient de la pluie, du beau temps, et enfin de leurs affaires. Vers onze heure l'ami part et notre hôte s'en va au lit, non sans oublier de vider les deux bouteilles de "sake." Ayant bien bu il ne peut que bien dormir.

Vers deux heures il croit voir un tonneau de "Koezuka" son sake favori. Ah ! le beau petit tonneau tout plein faisant un petit glou glou

quand on le secoue. C'est une fortune pour moi. Et c'est mon ami qui me fait ce présent! quel bon coeur! Comme il connaît mon faible! Il faut que je le goûte et voie si la qualité en vaut la marque! Mais le sake froid ne vaut de loin pas le sake chaud. Il faut que je le chauffe. Tiens, chauffons-le. Et pendant qu'il

le chauffe il ressent d'avance les sensations de sa langue et de son palais arrosés de ce délicieux nectar.

Voici le sake tout prêt ce qu'on va s'en payer; et sur ce, notre homme s'éveilla. "Que j'étais sot" se dit le brave Japonais, "si seulement j'avais bu le sake froid"...

Les Sorcières

C. Price '28

Dans le petit village de Nilpore dans les Indes, le choléra avait fait ses ravages. Mais grâce à l'énergie du docteur Oscar l'épidémie put être enrayée et l'hôpital temporaire plein de patients un mois auparavant s'était peu à peu vidé. Aussi un beau matin le docteur arrivant pour faire désinfecter la literie et tout remettre en ordre rencontra un indigène qui le salua très gravement.

— "Alors on va fermer, Mahomet, tout le monde est parti?"

— "Grâce à vous le choléra a disparu, tout le monde est rentré à la maison, il n'y a que le petit Ali qui reste. Il va très mal, je crois qu'il ne passera pas la nuit."

— "Ali le petit bonhomme, était bien hier et je ne pensais plus le trouver ici. Il faut que je le voie tout de suite."

En entrant dans l'immense salle naguère remplie de cholériques et maintenant vide, le docteur trouve Ali dans son petit lit, la figure pâle avec deux yeux grands ouverts.

— "Et bien, mon petit bonhomme, on n'est pas encore guéri?"

— "Oh! docteur, je ne guérirai pas, je mourrai ici c'est sûr."

— "Allons donc ne dis pas ça. Tu guériras."

— "Non, je mourrai ici parce que les sorcières sont venues et elles viendront encore me chercher." Et cela dit le malade se cacha la tête dans les couvertures.

— "Il n'y a pas de sorcières à l'hôpital, n'est-ce pas Mahomet?" Mais Mahomet secoue la tête: "Cet enfant dit vrai, il mourra car il y a des sorcières à l'hôpital," et pendant qu'il parlait un bruit sinistre se fit entendre sur le toit.

— "Les sorcières," s'écria Ali terrifié "les sorcières viennent me chercher! Sauvez-moi! docteur! sauvez-moi!"

"Vous entendez, docteur," dit Mahomet, "il n'y a que nous deux ici à l'hôpital. Depuis trois jours on entend ce bruit; d'où peut-il bien venir si ce n'est des sorcières."

"Il n'y a pas de sorcières," s'écria le docteur en colère. "Et je veux savoir d'où vient ce bruit et je le saurai. Restez ici, Mahomet, je veux avoir le coeur net."

Sur cela le docteur sort, mais ne voit rien et dépité va rentrer quand une voix dans un arbre de la pro-

priété voisine l'interpelle: "Docteur, est-ce que Ali est bientôt guéri? Quand reviendra-t-il à la maison?"

C'était le petit ami d'Ali qui était impatient de revoir son camarade. Pour faire sortir Ali il avait avant et après la classe grimpé sur l'arbre et il avait bombardé le toit

avec des cailloux. Mahomet superstitieux n'avait osé sortir et le petit Ali, pris de frayeur, croyait sa dernière heure arrivée.

Ainsi le docteur chassa les sorcières et le petit Ali revenu de sa frayeur fut bientôt guéri.

Histoire d'un canif.

J. Burke '28

"Sheffield est le lieu de ma naissance. Après avoir séjourné là quelques jours j'ai été embarqué avec des centaines de camarades, sur un grand bateau à deux cheminées appelé "Morea." Un long voyage m'attendait et pendant quarante-huit jours j'ai dansé sur la mer.

J'arrivai enfin dans un pays très différent du mien et j'entendis le capitaine dire à un de ses marins; "Eh bien! nous voilà à Yokohama." Le même jour nous sommes débarqués, placés sur une charrette tirée par un cheval aux yeux farouches. Oh! que j'avais peur car l'animal avait mauvais caractère et donnait des coups de pieds. Enfin il s'arrêta devant une grande maison remplie de livres, de crayons, et de canifs comme moi, mais d'espèces différentes. Nous fûmes déchargés immédiatement et les hommes nous mirent sur la devanture entre deux rayons de livres.

En peu de temps, je vois mes camarades disparaître l'un après l'autre et nous ne restons plus que cinq ou six, tristes et solitaires. Enfin après quelques semaines d'attente un petit garçon entra, et demanda un bon canif. Le patron de la boutique me saisit et me remit à l'enfant en disant: "Voici un très bon canif, et

il coûte seulement cinquante sen." Le petit bonhomme m'acheta et courut à la maison me montrer à sa mère.

Le jour suivant mon petit maître me prit avec lui dans une grande maison où il y avait beaucoup d'enfants. J'appris plus tard que c'était son école. Il me vanta, me prêta à ses amis qui me firent tailler des bâtons, au coeur dur et noir, ce qui était pas mal et me mit en mauvais m'usa.

Alors mon gardien me saisit d'une main sauvage pour me frotter sur une pierre dure afin de me rendre tranchant. Cela je le détestais le plus, parce qu'il me faisait souffrir pendant au moins vingt minutes. Un beau jour voilà que le petit maître se coupa le doigt. Il courut chez sa mère en criant: "Ho! ho! maman, mon doigt, mon doigt!" Vite elle fit un pansement et dit: "Tu es trop petit pour avoir un canif, alors je le donnerai à un garçon plus grand que toi."

Maintenant, je suis entre les mains d'un jeune homme très méchant. Souvent je pense à mon cher petit maître et je deviens triste en me rappelant les beaux jours passés avec le petit garçon si gentil et aux manières si polies.



TO A FRIEND

Amid the spicy fragrance
And gayly tinted dew,
She's smiling full of radiance,
Adorned in white and blue,
A favorite of the sunbeams,
Contented with her lot,
She lingers in my daydreams...
A sweet forget-me-not!

Amid the spicy fragrance,
She left a last farewell:
A sweet and sad remembrance...
When autumn blossoms fell,
Thus all is gone and withered
The wonders nature wrought,
And frosty winds have gathered
That sweet forget-me-not!

Amid the spicy fragrance
I dreamt of friends and thee,
And felt there was a semblance
Between that Flow'r and me!
For though in springtime balmy,
We tied sweet friendship's knot,
Wilt thou in autumn love me...
A sad forget-me-not?
A. d'Aquino '25

HER SORROW

Within the cottage on the hill
An aged woman prayed;
By the candlelight her care-worn face
A hidden grief portrayed.

Her cheeks were sunk, her eyes were dim,
Her once bright hair was grey;
Yet left in age to struggle when
Each morn brought fresh dismay.

Her limbs were spent, her back was bent,
Her strength had worn away;
Her toil was hard, her hands were weak,
Alone, forlorn to stay.

"But what were these my God" she said,
"I'll offer them to Thee,
But oh! give back my only joy,
My own dear boy to me."

"Just twenty years ago to-day,
I kissed him fond farewell,
He went to fight, and if he lives,
I know not what befell."

"My heart is cold, my days are few,
Oh! give him back to me,"
And in the night she heard a voice,
"Take heart for soon you'll see."
F. Clarke '27

THE STAGES OF YOUTH

Rosy cheeks and angel smiles
Wondrous eyes that ill beguiles,
Dwells in Springtime's happy isles.
The Baby.

Fond of noise, and never still
In outdoor life he finds a thrill,
On mischief bent, and hard to kill.
The boy.

Experience gains, and would be wise,
His vanities now quickly rise,
So full of life, and enterprise.
The youth.
A. Dresser '27.

THE FORGOTTEN MELODY

Oh! there was a light in my youth that was
shining
Though now I am old, and my hair is grey,
Oh! there was a song that was merrily ringing
Though sorrow has come to darken my way.

For here in the woodlands with the twilight
descending
When the shadows are falling, and the
sunlight is gone,
It seems in the leaves that those accents are
calling
With the sweetness that dwelt in that once
bright tone.

And now in the eve when the soft wind is
sighing
The voice of my heart I hear in its song,
So thrillingly tender that echo is bringing
The strains of a music forgotten so long.

For here in these glades a loved one is sleeping
The one that I lost in the days of the past,
And the years they have flown, and still I
am mourning
For the wound is there in my heart to last.

Thus when it is dusk, and the stillness prevailing
I roam in the canopy of the whispering trees,
For softly and sadly that melody is swelling
In the song of the wind that moans thru
the leaves.

F. Clarke '27

GLOW LITTLE EMBER!

Glow little ember glow;
Redden and blush and grow.
Thy little ruby frame
Is now aglow aflame,
Pretty and bright.

Why do you tremble now?
Why do you dance and bow?
Now dimmer grows your light;
Now all is dark and night.
Dismal and dark.

Sweet little ruby spark,
Once you were bright now dark.
Will you not smile again;
Your beauty was it in vain?
Wake little flame!

Ember of youth you grow;
Manhood reveals you aglow.
Old age— you wane and bend,
But this is not your end.

Faith tells us so.

N. Didishko '28

ENGLAND

I wish I were in England now
Her pleasant fields to roam;
To sit beneath the shady bough
That shades my English home.

The poppy fields are pretty there,
The grass is soft and green.
Oh! if you knew you'd doubtless share
My love for all I've seen.

The villages so peaceful look,
The lanes so quaint they seem,
With here and there a little brook
To sit beside and dream.

Alas! those days are gone and past.
Beneath this starry dome
Our joys are brief, they cannot last,
But Heaven's our true home.

J. Winston '29

SUNRISE

Day dawned. Bright tongues of scarlet flame
Shot up into the sky,
The grayish heavens blushed, became
A scene of crimson dye.

The Sun his fiery beams unrolled
Like strands of colored thread,
Embroidered all the clouds with gold
And blue and green and red.

Then o'er the mountains pale and blue
The King of Day uprose,
And from his tent of royal hue,
Cast darts upon his foes.

L. Galstaun '29

THE BLUEBELLS

Wood and copse are decked anew,
 Strewn with bells of deepest hue
 Meadow, dale, and all the view
 With the sky's eternal blue.

'Mid the early tender green
 Modestly, they grew unseen,
 Till they spread their wondrous sheen
 Thru the lovely verdant scene.

Now a cloud of blue they stand,
 Fairy bells on every hand,
 Waves of blue across God's land
 Delight the eye on every hand.

From afar we see the gleam,
 Tremble, lest it only seem
 A mirage by the sunlight's beam;
 What joy! To prove it not a dream.
 C. Price '28

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

'Twas on the morn of Christmas
 When snow lay on the ground,
 A beggar after midnight mass
 Was walking 'long the mound.

In ragged garments he was clad,
 And thinking of the past,
 The future was a thought so sad
 Which in his soul did last.

But sadder, sadder was his fate
 When near his father's grave,
 The little body lay, too late
 For others, him to save.

But there is one, the little soul
 That lives so happily,
 For it has reached its final goal
 The youth of eternity.

Many children got their toys
 Of little belts and sables
 But his, like many innocent toys
 Was heaven and the angels.

W. Fehlen

FORWARD

LIFE'S HILL

There's a hill that lies before you,
 Climb it with a will.
 Though it's stormy, steep and rugged
 'Tis a sunny hill.

You will climb the hill, my laddie,
 If you really try;
 Great rewards shall then await you
 'Bove the azure sky.

Though the stones are rough and many,
 Hidden in the grass:
 Here and there a flower greets you
 As along you pass.

Many hardships will confront you
 Take them with a will,
 For the rugged hill you're climbing
 Is a sunny hill.
 A. Neary '28

AUTUMN

By many gorgeous colored trees
 And mists and chilly autumn breeze,
 Gay Autumn thus her skill displays.
 All nature 'round in tints arrays,
 Displaying laughs and smiles and mocks.
 In crimson hues she paints the oaks,
 She bends the chestnut's yellow head
 And spots the maples gold and red.
 And thus her pallet full and fair
 Becomes a magic picture rare.

N. Didishko '28

THE MERRY LEAVES

The pretty green and tender leaves
 Expect a lot of fun,
 For Mr. Wind is now about
 To jostle every one.

The elms and oaks and silver birch
 They enjoy a blow,
 And branches play at hide and seek
 And twigs are bending low.

They always welcome Mr. Wind
 For time they say is slow,
 To stand quite still for many hours
 Is trying you must know.

And so they all are very glad
 When breezes softly blow,
 Oh! merry are the leaves when they
 Can rustle too and fro.

C. Price '28

THE OLD TIMER

I chanced upon a jolly man,
 An old sea-tar was he.
 "Come here my lad and you shall hear,
 A tale of the rolling sea.

"When once upon the Spanish Main
 A galleon hove in sight,
 She flew the skull with two great bones
 And challenged us to fight."

"Our ship was sunk, our men were killed.
 All perished in the fray,
 Save I, half-dead I reached the shore,
 A goodly stretch away."

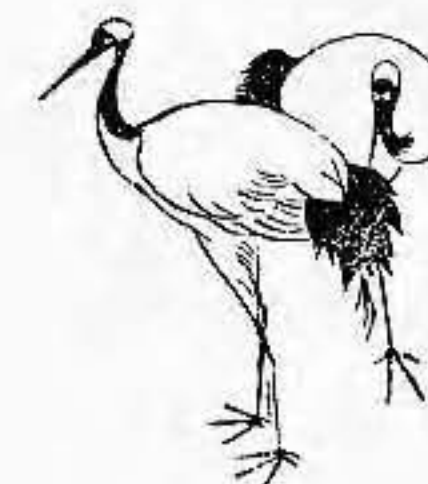
A. Dresser

AUTUMN

O'er meadow and o'er dale,
 On hillocks yellow turning;
 Where stood the verdant vale,
 All flowers now are fading.

Their sweets are vanished now,
 The bees have ceased their winging;
 The wheat stalks die and bow,
 The birds have ceased their singing.

Jack frost now greets the morn,
 The harvest full is gathered,
 Sheafed is the golden corn,
 The leaves once green are withered.
 R. Price '29



EDITORIAL

Mr. Takeoka Ryokei

Benefactor of the Foreign Community

J. F. J.

THE deeds of great men live after them. So will it be with Mr. Takeoka, member of the Yokohama Municipal Council, friend and benefactor of the foreign community of Yokohama.

Hardly had the disastrous '23 Quake-Fire consummated its work of ruin and woe causing this city to be utterly deserted by its inhabitants when there appeared a beacon light over the heaped-up ruins luring back to Yokohama the foreigners who had fled elsewhere for relief or safety.

Those days and weeks immediately following September first, were uncertain ones. What to do, how to do, wherewith to do, and similar questions were revolved over and again in the minds of hundreds of foreigners, who were forced by the universal ruin and loss of all they had to seek assistance even for the very necessities of life, outside of Yokohama.

There was a man, a Japanese, Mr. Takeoka who felt the sufferings, and who saw the needs of the foreigners. He was not slow to bring into action whatever forces he could command to ameliorate those conditions. Obstacles were energetically brushed aside as they bobbed up; for no one could foresee, under the circumstances of the hour, the circuitous route that would have to be followed before the aims of the foreigners' friend were reached. As time rolled on, and the foreign community slowly increased, a method of procedure was finally evolved.

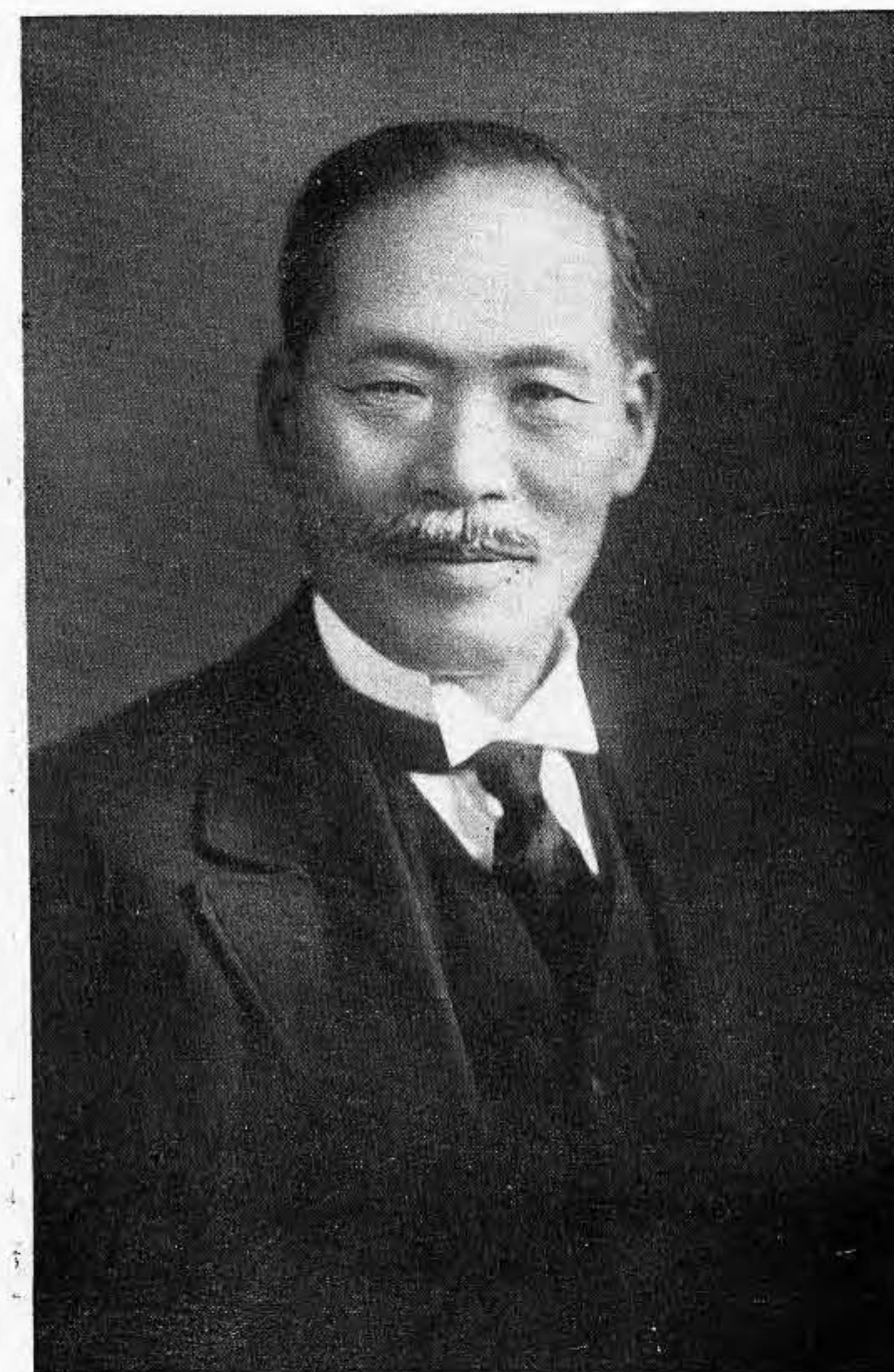
Early in the spring of 1926 Mr. Takeoka thought it opportune to draw up on a joint plea, the petitions for relief of the foreign schools, hospitals and Seamen's Club, and present these to the Prime Minister, Mr. Wakatsuki.

His idea was correct and fully justified. The Mayor of Yokohama, Mr. Ariyoshi, urged it on. Mr. Horikiri, the governor of the Kanagawa Ken, endorsed the plan.

During a private audience granted by His Excellency, Mr. Wakatsuki to Mr. Takeoka and the representatives of the several foreign institutions, the Prime Minister assured those present of his good will to assist in whatever way it would be possible.

This was positive encouragement for the work of Mr. Takeoka, now strongly backed by the highest authorities of the city, ken, and Government. A new ray of hope began to brighten the crippled schools, hospitals and club. The foreign community felt the effects and its numbers increased.

On November 4 of this year, the various institutions were notified that the first installment of assistance was ready. Mr. Takeoka saw his efforts crowned with success; for the daily newspaper carried the following notice—"the Central Government has made the following grants from earthquake relief funds to foreign schools and hospitals and the Seamen's Club in Yokohama:—



Mr. Takeoka Ryokei

Yen	
Ecole des Dames de St. Maur...	35,000
St. Joseph College...	34,000
Yokohama Central Hospital ...	20,000
Chinese Hospital ...	20,000
Chinese School ...	15,000
Yokohama International School.	12,000
Seamen's Club ...	15,000

These grants, which will be a welcome addition to the meager funds which the foreign institutions had thus far scraped together, are due to the representations of the needs of the foreign community on the part of Mr. Takeoka Ryokei, Member of Yokohama Municipal Council and of other influential Japanese, and to the active support of the Governor of Kanagawa Ken and the Mayor of Yokohama."

Mr. Takeoka has played the part of a noble and generous-minded sponsor of the projects of the foreign com-

munity towards reconstruction. He has been the cause of their present prosperous condition. Future developments will owe their security largely to his inspiring, untiring efforts in getting a mountainous project out of inertia and under way. His work was not limited to the mere present; else he had not gone to so great an expense of time and trouble; he meant to put matters on the solid base of lasting prosperity.

Every foreign resident of Yokohama has either directly or indirectly been favoured by the untiring work of Mr. Takeoka. The assistance he gave to the schools, hospitals and club will be a memorial to his noble name for all the years to come. Truly the deeds of great men live after them.

The foreigners of Yokohama owe Mr. Takeoka a deep debt of gratitude.

Home-Study at S. J. C.

V. Kulikoff '27

IN our scholastic career home-work plays an important part. The intensive character of the class-study and the limited time of the session make the home-study imperative in practically all the branches. The teacher explains the lesson in summary form. Then it's up to the student to acquire general knowledge and familiarity with the subject assigned. Concentrated and persevering home-work will render him this service. But the student must have a real interest in the subject, without which he will fail to do the systematic work, I mean, that the

student must cover a certain program; he must divide his time into periods and arrange the branches accordingly. Moreover home-study is educational. The student must have a strong will power to carry out the fixed program. Everyone has distractions at home. He is invited here and asked to assist there. And every time he refuses he gains a victory. And the more victories he gains the stronger his character becomes. Therefore home-study is educational as well as instructive.



Alumni Athletic Association Basketball Team
Winners of the Kanagawa-ken Championship Series—1926

The Library of S. J. C.

THE school library of today is a carefully arranged and selected collection of books, pamphlets, periodicals, clippings, and beautifully colored pictures, chosen to suit the needs of the boys and young men attending grades, high school, colleges, universities etc. Its main object is to assist the young men, by procuring for them information from many sources, in developing their minds and make them worthy citizens of the community. Every high school should have a well equipped library so as to stimulate the imagination of the young men and sustain them in their mental growth. As reading forms character good books are powerful instruments for moral guidance.

In order to serve this purpose adequately, Saint Joseph College has taken all reasonable means to keep up to this standard. The lower grades have two well furnished libraries adapted to the minds of the young readers and systematically organized

by the teachers in charge. Every conscientious student who is even a little economical of his time can broaden himself in learning. The Freshmen and Sophomore classes also have a well-stocked library which every now and then receives new accessions. The students are supplementing their studies by reading these books enthusiastically. The Junior and the Senior classes have a library that has not yet reached the point of completeness, owing to the great catastrophe of 1923, in which the school lost all its valuable books and also due to a limit of resources at its command. Notwithstanding these obstacles, the library is proceeding by degrees to its high standard. By the consistency and scrupulous work of the students, it has so far served its purpose. More books are needed to equip the Junior and Senior section of the College Library.

W. Fehlen '27

Christmas

CHRISTMAS has come again and with it the silvery melody which long ago rippled over Judea's sleeping plain, now swells again to announce its message of love and peace to men of good will.

Christmas ushers in a whole train of joy and happiness. All men join hearts at this blessed time. Christmas is a beautiful feast, ever ancient and ever new, for though its cheering spirit has animated us so often in the past, at its approach we always

sense the thrill and glad anticipation of a first experience. Yes, Christmas is a god-made flower with a bloom that shall never die, and when after the weary strife of the busy year, we gather it to our aching bosoms, its healing scent is sweeter, lovelier than ever before. By the Christmas hearth we shall ever return from the whirling turmoil of existence, to find in its soothing glow warmth, new strength, fresh aspirations, and courage to battle undismayed on the stormy

seas of life. And what more natural than that Christmas be a perennial fount of joy! Does it not recall how the Creator of the myriad constellations that jewel the firmament, the source of all true joy tapped this well-spring in the days of yore with his advent to earth? Born in a lowly manger in the cave of Bethlehem, the Light of the World first shone to reflect its golden rays of hope, and salvation across the shrouded paths of mankind. Thus did the angel hosts

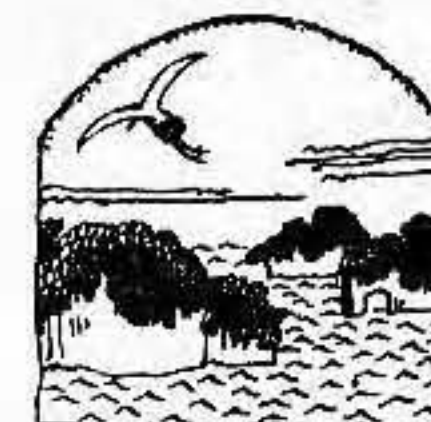
voice their first refrain, and in that holy Christmas hour, their glorious song in the starry heavens, has resounded through all the ages, and shall ever ring in the centuries to come:

All hail to the king of the Universe
Who sent us His Son, the Savior
of Earth;

Rejoice all ye mortals for the Christmas is nigh

When the Light of the World was given its birth.

Fred Clarke '27





Our Cover Design.

The regular Forward readers ought to notice the improvements made in this issue and thereby be induced to keep cheering us on until we approach the pink of perfection.

Here we draw attention to the cover design of this jubilee issue. In drawing attention to it we fear no criticism, not even that of artists, for it is a first-class artist who has stretched his canvas for us by way of boosting the College Jubilee.

Mr. O.L. Wertheimber, the designer, is an old Boy of the school who studied art in France. He has achieved enviable distinction in art circles by the famous Quake-Fire scenes he painted, and into which he put such vivid perspective as that it approximated to relief—a method hitherto untried by the masters of the brush.

Mr. Wertheimber's design is the Japanese Takarabune or ship of good fortune, a truly fitting emblem for the joyful season thru which the school is passing. It is not for us uninitiated to say with what felicity the artist has driven home his idea. Personally we think it splendid. The conventionalized elements are so obvious and the symbolism so rich in detail, and the bonny boat carries such a cargo

of heaped-up treasure—including a magic rain-coat to shield from all evil—that it is easy to discern the master hand behind the work. We thank Mr. Wertheimber for giving us so beautiful a theme.

May the coming years blow the good ship of prosperity into St. Joseph College harbor so that we may be able to send it back over the sea of the world manned with worthy citizens who will know how to fulfill life's many and serious duties.

Note the New Section Headings.

We call attention to the new decorative section-titles that one of the staff artists has designed to grace the Jubilee Forward. Student Albert J. M. Dresser has certainly succeeded in putting a Japanese cachet into the different headings. One must be a good deal clever to get English lettering and Japanese ideographs to resemble each other, and our youthful artist, by the accomplishment of this artistic turn, has showed his inventiveness. Of course, the rest of the design elements speak for themselves especially to such readers as have a more extended knowledge of things Japanese.

Billy Yamamoto's Shows.

The boarders of S. J. C. all extend their hearty thanks to Billy for his nightly shows of his tour in America. It was interesting and all through the reels there was not a picture that did not have its special attraction. It gave us a glimpse of the grandeur and beauty of some of America's far-famed scenery.

pray for him when he should die! How touching that for a ten-year lad about to be called away from this world of tears whilst still in his fragrant innocence!

"Little Patsy" was a fourth class boy though he had not assisted at any lesson in this class to which he had been promoted at the last Commencement. He died October 9th at



Business Boys' Club of S. J. C.

Master P. Gomes R. I. P.

After an illness of just one month, St. Joseph College lost on October 9th "little Patsy." He took sick just about a week before reopening of classes with tonsillitis and then, probably from too great debility caused by his not being able to take sufficient nourishment, he first developed pleurisy and finally peritonitis which last speedily carried him off.

His last day was most edifying. Owing to the great pain his complicated sickness was causing him, his mother had for the most part to keep him in her arms. He was quite conscious to the end. Before that came he asked his mother to

5 p.m. and was buried the following Monday at 2 p.m. An honor escort of the third and the fourth classes along with other students of the College and some teachers, accompanied his remains to their last resting place. R. I. P.

Annual School Excursion.

The train left Yokohama Station at 6.30 on the morning of October 19th with a jolly number of St. Joseph Collegistes for their annual excursion to the school's cottage situated deep in the beautiful mountains of Yamakita.

The snappy S. J.-ites, true to their motto, decided not to waste a minute

of their delightful day. A merry chorus of Seniors and Juniors tried to out-din the rumbling train to Kozu. Here the two classes under the supervision of Mr. Janning decided to take a side trip via Odawara. A few minutes ride from the transfer brought the boys to the terminus and thence they skirted the romantic beach of Atami. After a fifteen minutes' rest on the sandy shore they got under way for the day's real work: a man-size hike into the mountains. A long climb of about 200 feet up the winding path wedging through the autumnal trees finally brought them to Ichijajo, (one night castle) an old ruin of a castle round which centers a chapter in Japanese History. A fine rest under the cool canopy of the pines was ended but too soon by the shrill call of the whistle and once more the lusty boys proceeded on their march. A level road covering a good distance of about five miles lead them down a valley into Umoto, a famous Hot Spring resort near Hakone. The boys quickly settled down for their lunch in a cosy Japanese tea house situated just at the foot of a beautiful falls. Here they enjoyed a pleasant hour amidst the magnificent verdure of a typical Japanese garden. A short ride on the tram brought them to Saijogi Temple situated in the bosom of maple woods, an artistic structure displaying a perfect Oriental style. A splendid avenue walled in on either side by gigantic trunks of high, towering fir trees leads the way up. A fresh drink gave each one their former spirit and the march was once more resumed over the mountains for Yamakita. At about five o'clock they reached the cottage where the other divisions of excursionists had been waiting. A good rest and a

light lunch concluded the day's program and the entire student body started for Yamakita Station, homeward bound.

S. Kawazoe.

S. Kawazoe, one of this July 7th's graduates, sailed September 24th at 2 p.m. on the Shinyo Maru, bound for the University of Dayton via Honolulu. It was a drizzly, foggy Japanese holiday (Autumnal Equinox) and quite all the boarding students of S. J. C. plus a number of day students were at the pier to wave goodbye. Tho the passengers on board seemed relatively few the crowd at the pier was very numerous.

Faculty Change.

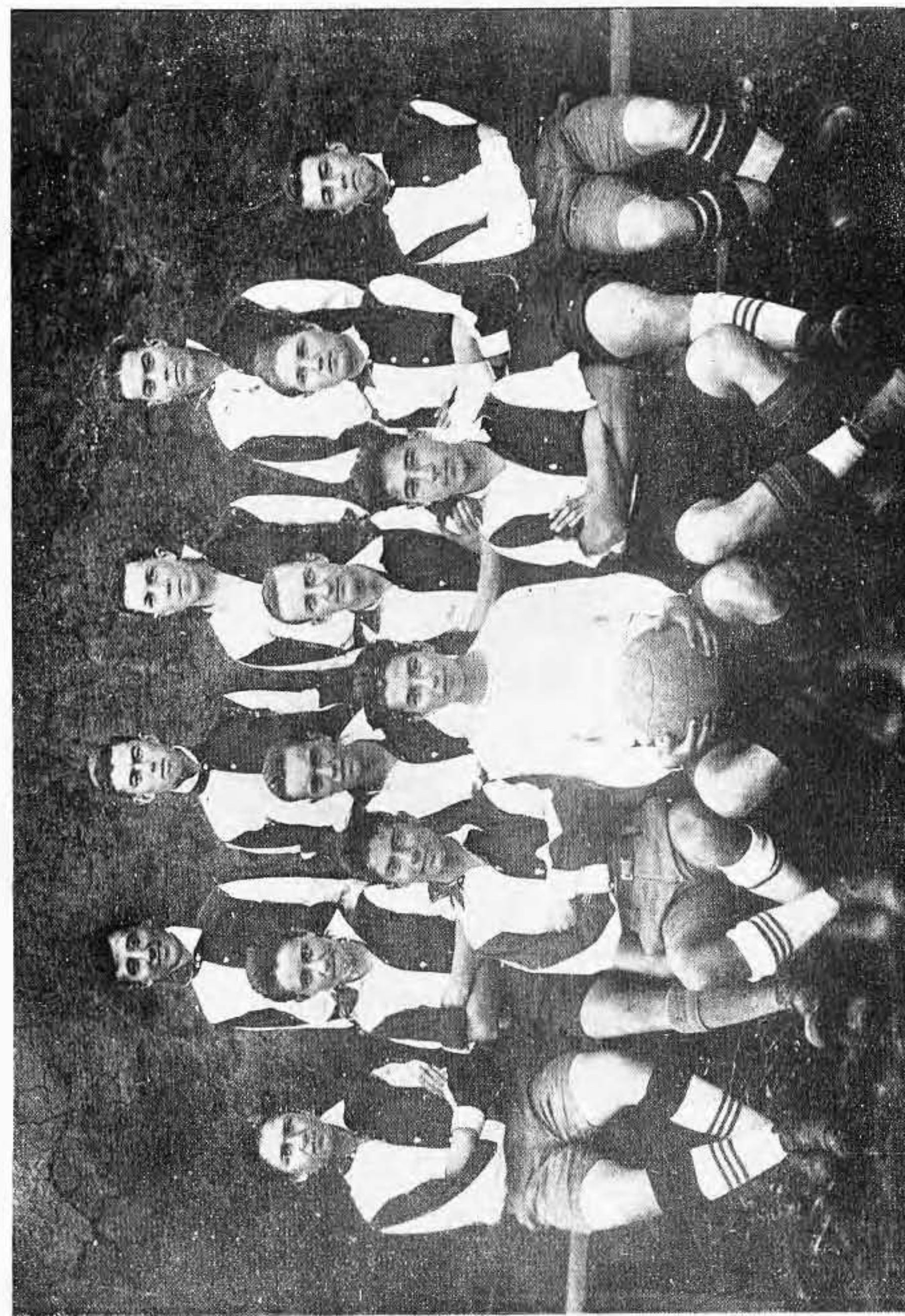
Mr. Koehl was transferred to the Osaka Meisei and was replaced by Mr. Jermain of the same college. We welcome our new teacher to St. Joseph and also thank him for his ceaseless efforts in our behalf as coach and advisory manager to our football team.

Basketball Courts.

The College boasts of two new outdoor basketball courts laid on the Junior playground. The opening game was played on October 7th, three days after completion, between the Alumni and the Jinchu basketekers.

Y. C. & A. C. Grounds.

Through the kindness of Mr. George Colton, the college teams are getting a steady practise every Wednesday afternoon on the Club's grounds. We take this opportunity to thank Mr. George Colton and the Members of the Y. C. & A. C. for this kindly extending help to the boys of Yokohama.



M. Ganin	C. Price	A. Dresser	V. Kulikoff	E. Breen	F. Clarke
	W. Fehlen	J. Henry	E. Papendieck	F. Ganin	
	R. Mehta	W. Dewitt	J. Burke		

Donations

Very Rev. J. Coulon.

A magnificent gift was made to St. Joseph College by Very Rev. J. Coulon of Friburg, Switzerland. Our sincere thanks.

Brother Theodore Plummer.

We are more than thankful to Brother Theodore Plummer for his gift of a fine fluoroscope.

Brother Joseph Moritz.

The Physics Department is indebted to Brother J. Moritz for his generous gift of electrical apparatus.

Rev. John L. Ott.

A donation of valuable books for the Library was made by Rev. J. Ott to whom we offer our hearty thanks.

Miss Marie Hoffman.

A gift of Yen 50 has been received from Miss Marie Hoffmann of Cincinnati, secretary of Noir Sim Club. We take this opportunity of offering her public thanks.

Dr. L. Frank.

Some specimens of beautiful crystals were presented by Dr. L. Frank. We thank him for his help in starting up our new collection.

Very Rev. Lawrence Yeske.

The Physical and Chemical Department offer their sincerest gratitude to V. Rev. L. Yeske for his splendid gift to the Laboratory.

Mr. Max Papendieck.

It is a pleasure for us to record a further valuable gift of Mr. Papendieck to the Physical Laboratory.

Very Rev. Joseph Mac. Sorley.

Our library list has been increased by the excellent gift of several hundred literary pamphlets which were sent by Rev. J. Sorley of New York to whom we wish to offer our heartiest thanks.

Mr. George Pflaum.

Hundred pamphlets of literary value were sent by Mr. George Pflaum of Dayton toward the rebuilding of the College Library. We extend our sincere thanks to Mr. George Pflaum.

Brother Valentine.

Brother Valentine of Chicago has given our Laboratory a good lift in donating a set of Physical Apparatus. We are certainly indebted to his generosity for this fine gift.

Mr. A. Janning.

Mr. A. Janning has sent some valuable books for the boys. Our thanks Mr. Janning.

Rev. M. Schleich.

We extend our gratitude to Rev. M. Schleich for his additional contributions to the Library. He is always at this "helping along" business.

Playground Fund.

To the following contributors, we here express with our heartiest thanks, for their generous donations to the Playground Fund.

Mr. Renzo Sano...	¥10.00
Mr. I. Janson ...	10.00
Mr. J. Planas ...	10.00
Mr. M. Manley ...	25.00

Brother John Nickol.

Brother John Nickol of Cincinnati has sent some precision instruments to the College laboratory. Our thanks to Brother John.

Brother Alexander Ott.

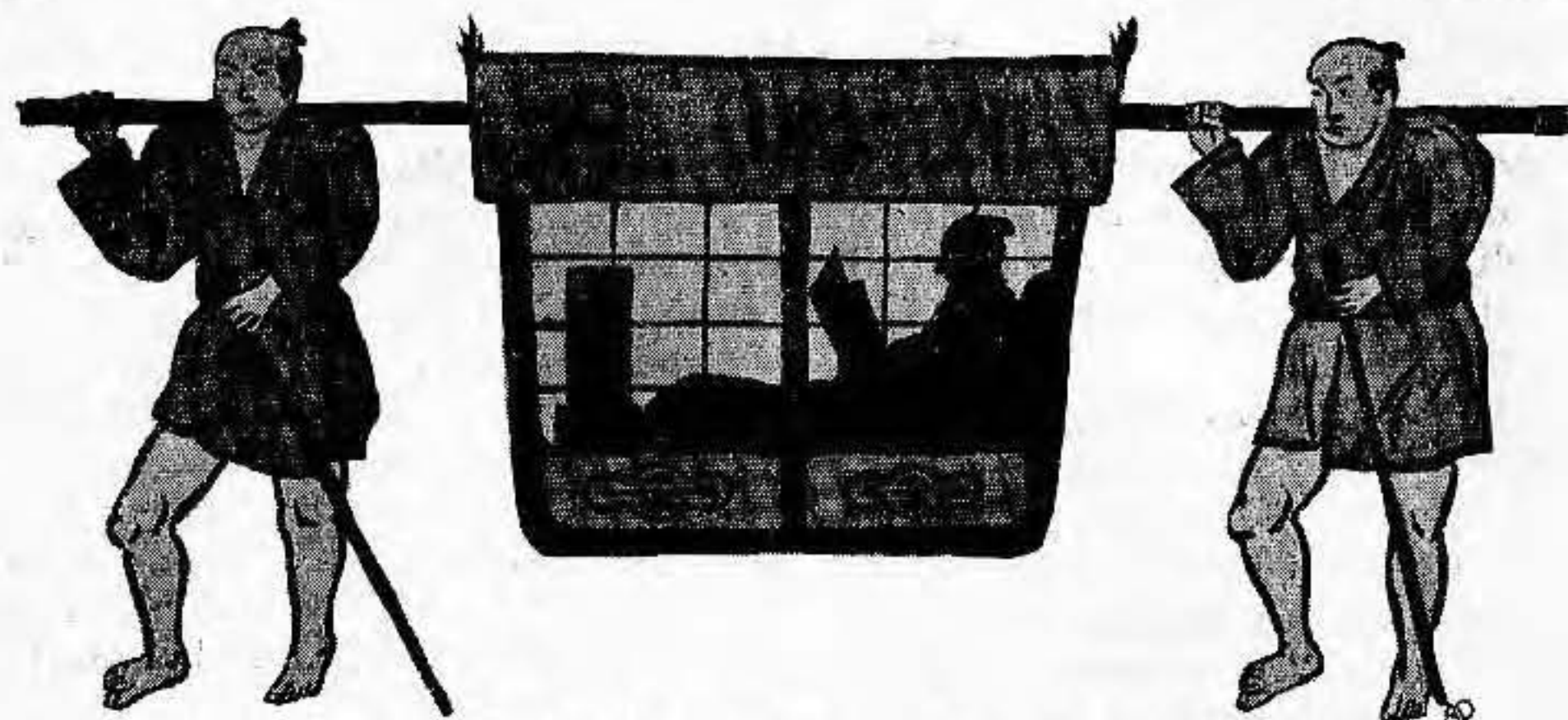
Brother Alexander Ott of Trinity High, Brooklyn, has added some electrical apparatus to the College. These instruments will be of great use to the College laboratory.

To Other Donators.

Gifts for the laboratories that have arrived after the Forward went to press will be published in the next issue of the Forward.



By Wm. Fehlen



Alumni Athletic Association

AT the Semi-Annual General Meeting held on Nov. 2nd, for the purpose of electing a new committee, it was very gratifying to note the presence of some of the oldest graduates of St. Joseph College. The election resulted in Mr. M. Apcar as the new Club Manager, with the following Committee to assist him:—

F. R. Harriss, Secretary.
E. da Silva, Treasurer.
L. Fachtmann.
H. Fachtmann.
G. W. Gregory.
J. Koch.
W. Laffin.
H. Mason.

At a meeting of the committee, it was proposed to alter the name of this club to "St. Joseph Alumni Club," which was thought to be more truly significant of the club's aims, namely, the association of the old Boys of St. Joseph College. This was placed sur le tapis.

Baseball:—

The baseball team has now winded up their activities for the year 1926 and a glance at the score book

will show that the team performed very creditably throughout the season, under the able captaincy of Mr. J. Koch. Manager Haum should be complimented on the very excellent schedule of games arranged for the team.

Among the numerous games played, a few stand out prominently, to wit the game with the Chinese Team in the 4th round of the Yokohama Boyeki Shimbun League, the All-Hachioji match, and the series with the Y. C. & A. C. aggregation. Four games were played with the Y.C. & A.C., two of which were won, one ended in a tie and the last lost. This series gives a fairly accurate indication of the ability of our ball team in that it was able to hold its own against the Y. C. & A. C. team.

The following members may be recorded as having made the Baseball Team: H. Oberlein, M. Oberlein, F. Koch, E. Gomes, F. Harriss, L. Haum (Mgr.), J. Koch (Capt.), H. Walker, W. Oberlein, T. Hay, L. da Costa, F. da Silva and L. Tomeye.

Basket Ball:—

The basketball team which proved very successful last season by clinching the Kanagawa-ken Championship, is already active under the leadership of Captain Gomes. Manager Harriss is attending to the schedule of the games. It is expected that considerable interest will be shown by members other than those of the regular team and we hope to hold a series of games among four club teams, which should prove not only interesting, but will afford an opportunity for every club member to take active part in this line. Any members who have not yet signed up for basket-

ball activities, are requested to notify the secretary of the club.

Football:—

A football team, with Mr. L. da Costa at its head, will soon be formed and the coming season should afford all the club's soccer enthusiasts an opportunity to get a number of games both in Yokohama and in Tokio, with various Japanese teams. We are particularly anxious to develop a strong team in this line and any members who have not yet notified the captain of their intention to play, would be very welcome.

Correspondence

L. S. Chernick now holds a responsible position in the Comptroller's Department at the Bank of Italy, San Francisco. He is looked upon with great favor by his employers. Evenings, he attends the American Banking Association, where in a recent examination he acquired the high percentage of 95. He has mailed us a check for 20 Yen as a lift to the new building fund, for which we are more than grateful. That's the spirit! Keep on going right up.

C. Remedios paid us a short visit during the summer, leaving 5 yen for the Forward. Our thanks to Charlie!

Peter Wallace recently passed thru Yokohama on his way to the States, where he is to pursue his studies in Commerce and Finance at the Ohio State University. Pete spent several years in the business fields of Korea. Success to him!

Werner Baumann lately contrived to chat with his former teachers for a few minutes, between boats. He has been steadily advancing, and is now working for his firm in Shanghai. His visit was such a pleasure, that we are hoping to hear from him soon.

Iscandar Agafuroff occupies the chair of Sport Editor for the Harbin Daily News. His bug is basketball; and he is the enterprising leader of the "Aga Aggregation" cleaning up the Harbin teams in real Manchurian style. He sends 5 yen for the Forward, which we thankfully accept. "Aga" wishes our sport activities the best of success, and we shall certainly try to live up to his expectations. Iscandar is progressing fine; nevertheless he states that school life-minus the lessons-is a sight better than office life.

Louis and Rupert Cox have both captured high honors at the natatorial

meet on the occasion of the sesqui-centennial celebrations. Louis won the Hundred meters free-style, whilst Rupert landed a bronze medal for the City Championship. Accompanied by George Weed and B. Keane, they motored to Chicago in their Ford during the holidays. We hope that your experience did not bounce you up too much. Nice way to spend your vacation, and to be something socially!

Howard Van Zandt says "hallo" from the Colorado mountain top, where he is attending the local University. Howard is the desk editor of their magazine the "The Silver and Gold." Now that he is in charge, we know that their "mag" must surely prosper.

Fritz Shirmer has not forgotten the needs of the Chemical "Lab," and he has made this fine spirit of his manifest itself in a nice little donation. Our thanks to Fritz.

Samuel Shaw has had a rollicking summer "vac" touring to Cincinnati in his new Ford; but he is very glad that studies have been resumed, and is quite ambitious to attain a high average on his work. "Sammy" also tells us that he is getting used to U.S., and we suppose that he is quite a Yankee by this time.

Vladislav Morgin writes to the faculty from Dairen, where he is a conspicuous figure in the Dairen Fire Department. Fire bells ring, and Vladis is on the run. We trust that you have an easy time of it. Don't forget to write again.

Charles Petersen after completing his studies at the "U" of Dayton with the highest awards, is taking a post-graduate course in Chemical Engineering at the Boston "Tech." Great work Charlie! Keep it up! There's another to be proud of.

Stanley Dresser. After the summer "Stanko" entered the Giles & Co. Kobe, and is speedily climbing up the ladder of prominence. He was also elected skipper of the C.Y.M.A.'s strong Soccer team. "Congrats to Stan!"

Manuel Guterres has made his debut into the business world, and is at present working in a firm in Kobe. Our footer team certainly misses its "star" center half Guta! He now! plays on the C.Y.M.A. eleven, and they are lucky to have him. Your former comrades, all unite to wish you the best of success.

A. d'Aquino is distinguishing himself at the Getz Bros. & Co. Tokyo. Our "poet laureate" has given us one of his works to publish in the Forward. You're very welcome "d'Aqui" for whatever you can do, to embellish our number.

Claiborne Van Zandt is taking a course in Mechanical Engineering, after two years of Electrical Engineering. He has been installing heavy machines this past summer for the Ideal Cement Works, Denver, and from what we hear, he is making an excellent job of it. That's the idea!

Walter Helm has launched into business, and is proving himself a valuable man at the Helm Bros., his father's office. We expect great things from Walter.

Constantine Kosloff is now puffing away in the British Tobacco Co., Harbin. He belongs to the "Aga Aggregation," and plays with all the dash of his S. J. C. days. Well! here's wishing him the brightest of futures.

Edward Salter has joined the Zemma Iron Works, where is taking a practical course in Mechanical Engineering, to fit himself for his chosen career. Good for "Eddie."

Albert Worden has finished his studies, and received his degree at the College of the Pacific. Congratulations Albert!

Alfred Agajan deserves due credit for being the first one in his class to embark upon a business career. He entered the Adet, Campredon & Co. directly after his graduation in July, and is applying himself to his duties with great earnestness. Let "Alf" continue his good work and we have no fears for his future.

Edward Craig writes from the army where he is very busy in the Communication Department. He is in charge of the Wireless Section. He expects to have a holiday soon, and we hope that he will have a chance to visit his former school.

Louis and George Suzor attended a Civic Sport Meeting, held at Cinq-Mars, where Louis won four medals.

There, they met Mr. Ivanokura a former pupil of the Morning Star School. George has completed his Military Service.

Rene Suzor is the proud father of a bouncing little baby. We extend him our sincere felicitations. His new address is: 15, Rue Nicholas-Charlet, XV^o.

Emil Cotte now living in Kamata since his return from France expects to leave soon for Pekin for military service.

Mr. John Tollman passed thru here on his way to Manila. He graduated in San Francisco last June, and decided to make his fortune in the Orient. John was accompanied by his mother. May his success be assured.

Mr. John Weil of Kobe dropped in the other day to visit his former teachers. The old school and its staunch professors certainly have a magnetism which is hard to beat. Mr. Weil had a very pleasant visit. Every former boy of S. J. C. will.

Victor and John Robson are both doing very fine in Australia. Their addresses are:

Victor Wm. Robson c/o Y.M.C.A.,
Pitt St., Sydney N.S.W. Australia.
John H. Robson
c/o "Chatsworth"
282 Beardy St. Armidale N.S.W.
Australia.





THE opening match against Sanchyu was held at the latter's grounds. The leading goal was scored during the beginning of the first half by the Japanese team. Redoubling their speed the S.J.C. gridders passed through the backguards and tied the point. The game grew more exciting as the 3rd Middle School acquired another scoring.



In the second half the Saints were victorious. Immediately after the off they got into their lightning stride and before the Sanchyu backs could touch the leather M. Ganin netted the pill. In vain Sanchyu tried to trick the defense. The ball was always sent back. After a few skillful plays St. Joseph inner slipped through and dealt the final blow.

Score: 3-2.

Return Match

THE whistle having been blown the Blue and White took up the running. Within the first 10 minutes of play a shot was placed by Rustam. The Sanchyu backs realizing their dangerous adversaries put up a harder fight. The score remained constant for some time.

At the start of the next half the

S. J. C. forwards attacked violently and forced a corner. Clarke delivered the kick and our steady center headed the pill in. Sanchyu attempted to break several times through. At the end the Saints slackened, giving them an opportunity to have their only point.

Score: 2-1.

"The White Flag" Goes Down in Defeat

S. J. C. eleven snatches close victory from the famous Kamakura team. The match was played on the Kosho Grounds. The ball was thrown into play at 1.00 p.m. For over 30 minutes the two sides battled for the win with little to choose among them. Some minutes before the half, the Blue and White redoubled their efforts. Clarke, our outside right made a game dash along the touch-line and slung a beautiful center. The leather curled along the crossbar, the goalie fumbled only to have the flying S. J. C. forwards upon him, rushing the ball into the net. This was our first tally.

The second half was a puzzle for the spectators as well as for the Saints. With dazzling swiftness the opponents scored the goal straight from the center. The Blue and White pressed for another point. The whole front line were putting up a game they had never equalled before. By brilliant combination from the out-throw we obtained the next scoring. The White Flag tried hard to tie the score. But after several thrilling escapes we ended the match 2-1.

Full credit must be given to our prominent halves, J. Burke and Al. Dresser for their hearty support.



Junior Football Team

Navy Wins by Penalty

THE referee's whistle piped out for the kick-off in the great game between the Navy and the Saints. The Blue and White line went with a rush, by neat and sure passes, that kept the leather lively. The home quintet, after keeping up a rattling bombardment, had been driven back by hard kicking. Again and again we renewed our bustling attacks, but the heavy set of guards booted the pill away. It was banded about long without effect. For some time the play raged in mid-field. Then the Navy exhibited a marvelous foot-work and got the target. A hard tussle followed. A signal for the half-time interrupted the combat.

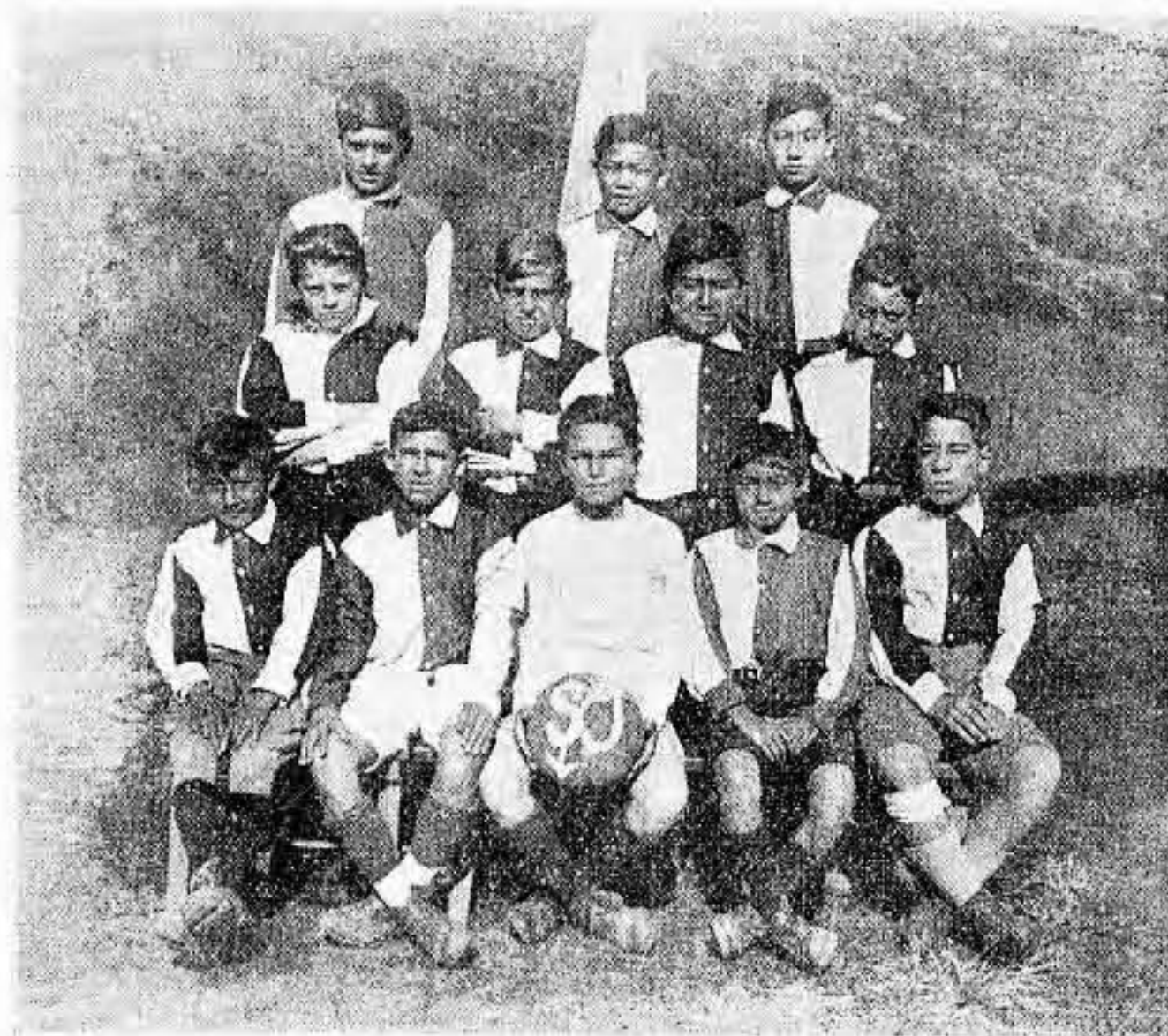
The teams were out again. The match was set agoing. The play was

very keen. The leather banged from side to side. A strenuous battle was resumed for more than half an hour, while every man tried his utmost to help his team. There remained some 10-15 minutes to go. The whole S. J. C. team sprang into action; the ball went skimming from foot to foot, getting nearer and nearer the enemy's goal, till at last it rolled into the net. The Navy progressed inch by inch. Soon the pill bobbed about before the home citadel. Our back flung at the left inside, the two players collided and the referee called a penalty. And so the Navy won playing a sound defense game for the last five minutes.

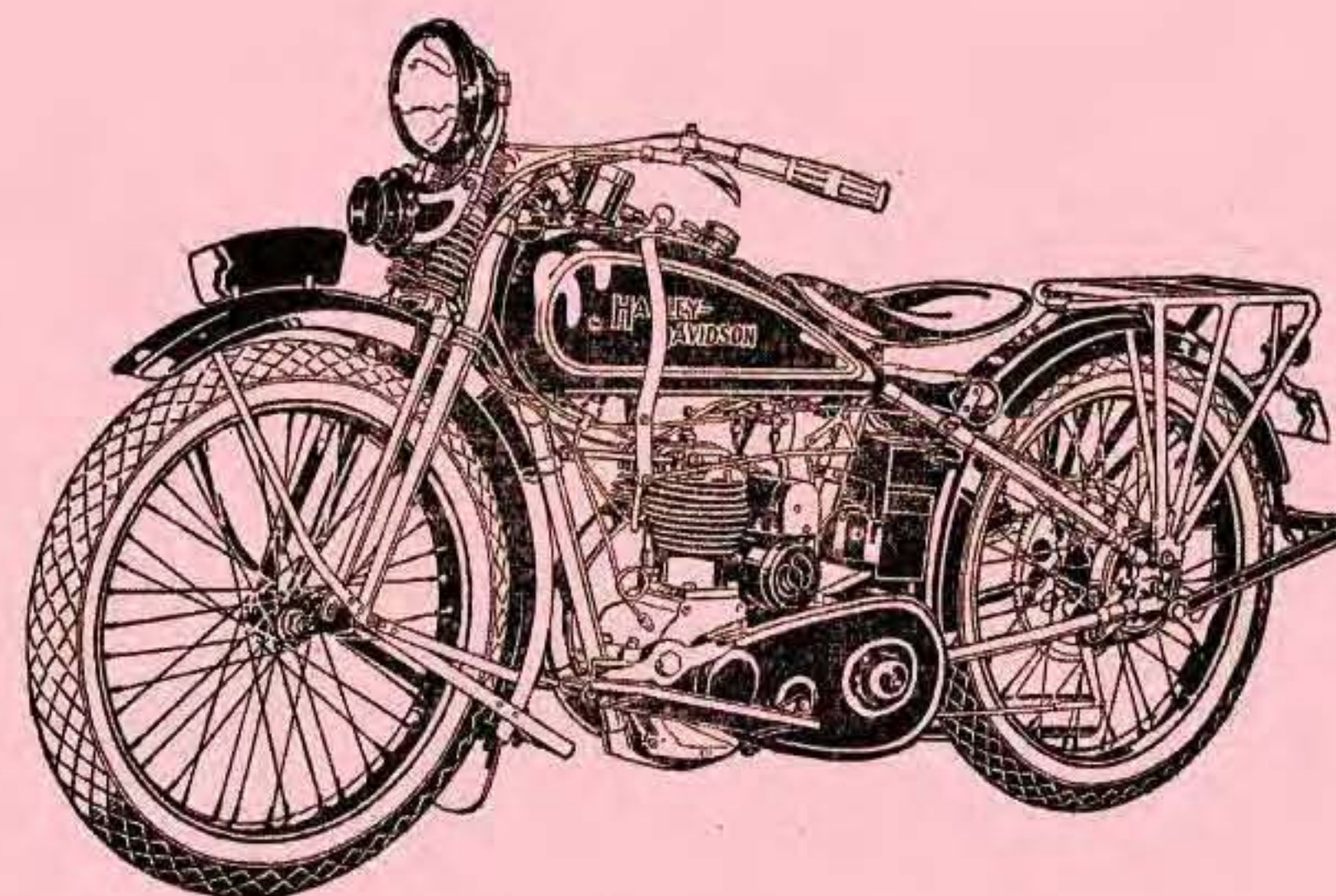
Final result : 1-2.

OTHER GAMES PLAYED

Morning Star	2	S. J. C.	1
Y. C. & A. C.	6	"	1
Sanchyu	0	"	4



Minim Football Team



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In Mourning

Grocer: "What do you want?"
Customer: "A pound of tea."
Grocer: "Green or black?"
Customer: "I think I'll take black
it is for a funeral."

Yes, Why Not?

Son: "Aint I made of dust?"
Mother: "Yes, precious."
Son: "Well, why don't I get muddy
when I drink."

A Slight Mistake

The self-made man was speaking.
He said: "My father was a raiser
of hogs. There was a large family
of us." And then his voice was
drowned by the applause.

Easily Beaten

An American said to an English-
man: "In America we have a hen
that laid an egg six inches long."

"In England we can beat that,"
replied the Englishman.

"How?" shouted the American.

"With an egg beater," calmly
answered the Englishman.

Uncle: "How do you like riding
on my knee, Tommy?"
Tommy: "It's all right, but not so
nice as a ride on a real donkey."

Son: "Mother, when the fire goes
out where does it go?"

Mother: "I don't know. You might
just as well ask me where your
father goes when he goes out."

It is the privilege of few to have
their faces on coins. Most people
are content to have their hands on
them.

Girl's father: "I understand my
daughter is determined to marry
you. I want to tell you at once
that she is a fool."

Suitor: "Ah! Hereditary, I sup-
pose."

Mother: "Johnnie, you must not
go fishing with Billy. He is only
just recovering from the measles."

Johnnie: "That's all right; moreover
don't you know I never caught
anything when I go fishing?"

Captain (to new cabin boy who has badly blundered): "Oh, I see, the old story, fool of the family put to sea."

New Cabin Boy: "Oh, no sir. That is all changed since your time."

A teacher named Key was telling his class about the customs of Spain.

"In Spain, instead of the title of Mr. Key," he said, "my name would be Don Key."

And he wondered why the class laughed.

Very Often

Teacher: "What are ancestors?"

Student: "They are the folks whose pictures we buy to hang on the walls."

Had Her Choice

Mother: "Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice as I told you to?"

Bobby: "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one."



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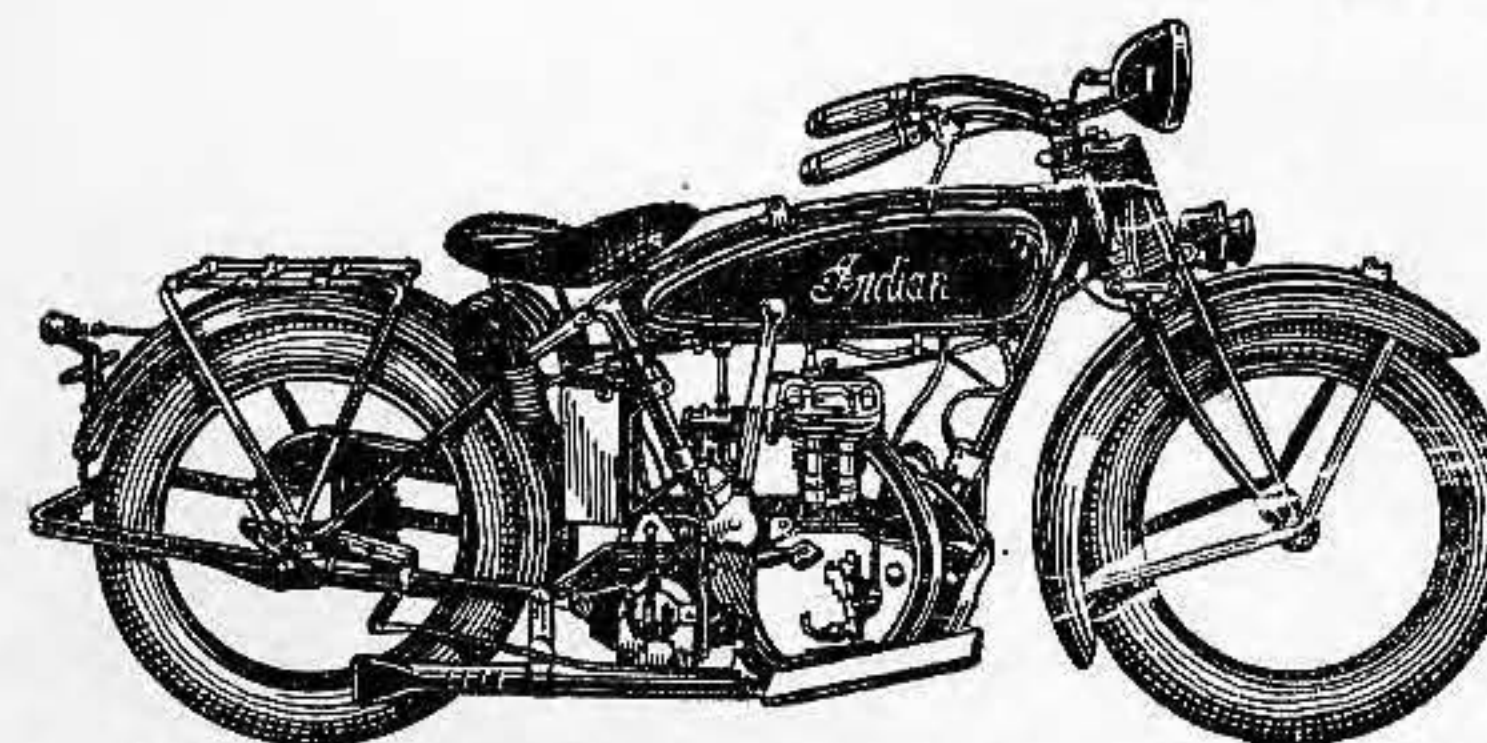
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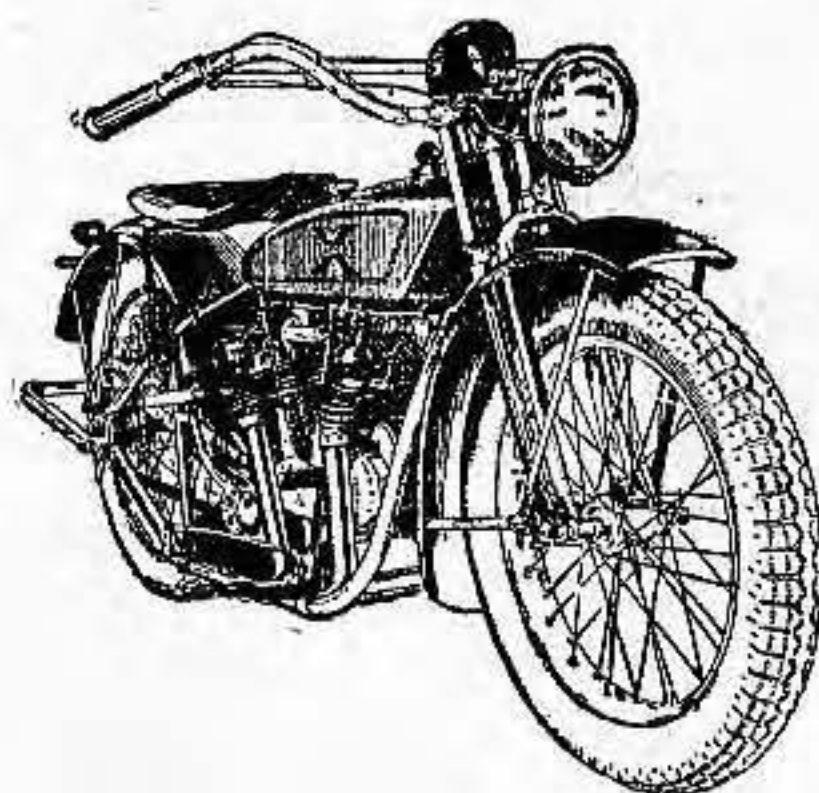
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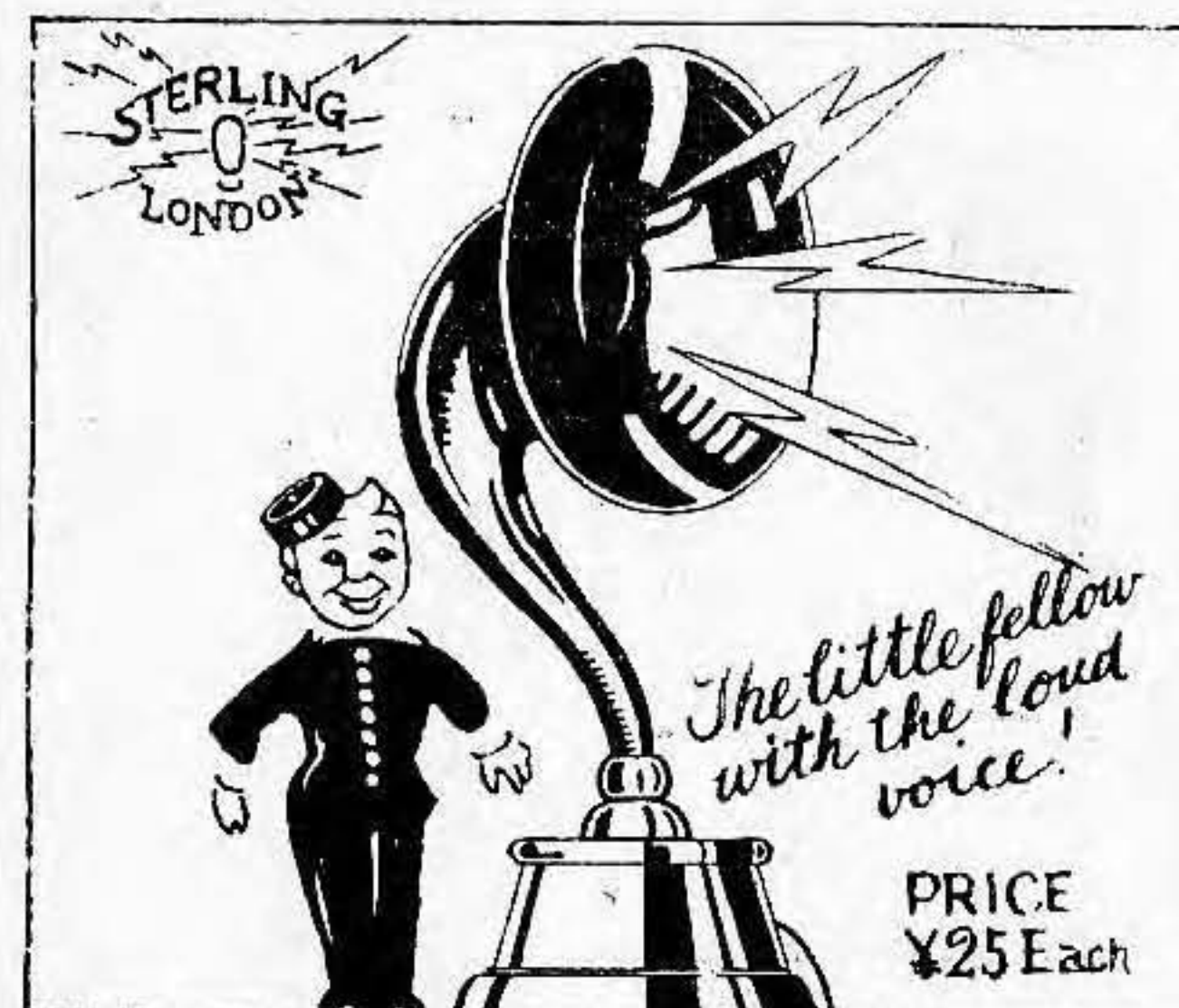
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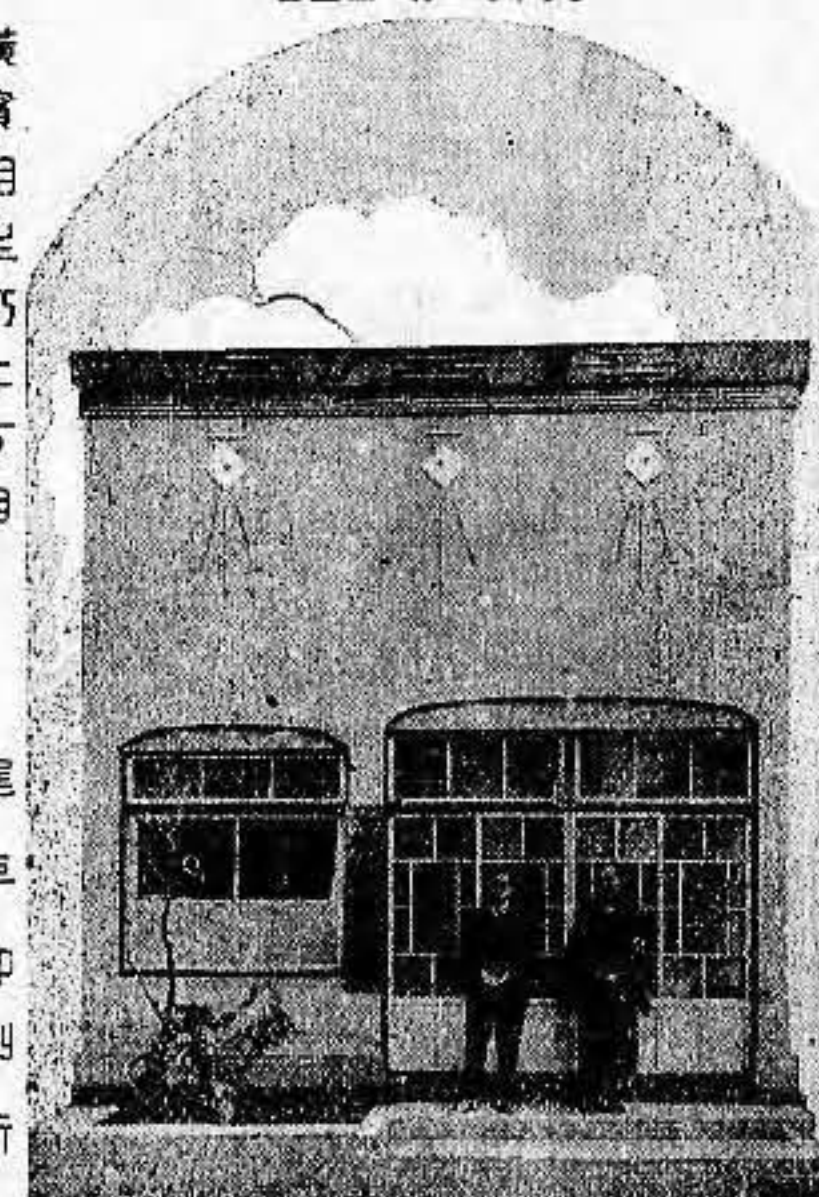
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